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# OTTERBEIN ÆGIS



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## AN AUSTRALIAN LANDSCAPE.

F. S. MINSHALL, '96.

**T**IS morning! The deep shadows of night fade slowly away and give place to the soft gray of early dawn. The drowsy hills are just beginning to lift their heads; the valleys below are still buried in slumber. The air is deep and pure and sweet and still. Here and there a star still shines through the twilight, the whippoorwill sounds now and then his plaintive note; for Erebus has not yet relinquished his reign.

But watch the changing lines of the sky as bright caparisoned morn comes on. The sepia shades of a moment ago are now streaked with purple and gold; from the eastern horizon great spires shoot out, upward and outward, shaded in deepest carmine and lighted between and far around with the softest tints of gamboge and blue. Here and there a hoary headed mountain stands out in bold view and the long, low line of receding hills appears as a distant sea. The darkness in the valley slowly dies, the lark has shaken the dew from her wings, the bobolink rises from the tall grass, and the quail calling to his mate wakes the deep silence as music wakes the sleeper from his dreams.

A shepherd wends his way through the vale, followed by his winding flock. A solitary vulture sails by, the jackdaws chatter noisily from the thicket, the night-mists, like great moving canopies, file slowly about the mountains, crouch low in hidden nooks, marshal themselves for a moment, while the sun, rising in a sea of vermillion spray, glances full upon their tufted, turreted, billowy crests and scatters them as the wind scatters the withered leaves. The grass sparkles with myriad gems—the short-lived pageantry of night—the brook babbles contentedly, by a thousand tiny mirrors flash as it leaps o'er the pebbles, buttercups fringe its brink and the blood-bosomed lily nods to its gentle sway. The warm sunshine beams down in great golden bars. The hillsides lie hidden in a thick carpet of anemones

and violets, the crocus and gentian bloom in profusion, while here and there nature has spread a couch of softest moss. Through the vista of the trees above the deep ultramarine of the sky forms a pleasing background to their emerald leaves. Gay-colored songsters swing on vine festoons, the redstart sways on the topmost bough, while over all the sweet melody of many a feathered throat floats o'er the vale. The sun, now sailing high in the azure sea, lends a light enchantment to the scene. The air is redolent with hawthorne buds and the warm, sweet breath of spring-time rises from the soil.

Such is the scene so similar to life's bright morn, so full of prospect and prophecy, so pregnant with a purer and better something, so significant of a higher and nobler life. Far away is the city, shaded by its great umbrella of smoke, about the streets the weary toilers go. No ray of sunshine brightens their pathway, no ray of kindness their thickening gloom. One by one they ruthlessly fall, the hard hand of toil lays them low. The melody of the forest, the mountain and sea breaks not their deep monotony. Day by day they lengthen out the weary hours, till the short serial of life is told.

But the young lambs bound on the hillside, the wild roe grazes in the vale, the hum of bees sounds in the tree tops, and the shepherd dozes in the shade. The brown rocks are clothed with verdure, the bare trees break forth with life, the gentle rains nourish the flowers and the voice of gladness is everywhere. What woes doth the shepherd know? Nature first spread his humble fare, the meadows were his gardens, his first dwelling the shady dell. The dews of heaven moisten his brow, his sturdy frame tingles with the vital air, the sun kisses his ruddy cheek, an unseen hand directs his thoughts, an unseen guide, his way. He has no woe-begetting cares, no sin-besetted hours knows he. The beauties of moody nature feed his fancy and slakes his spirit's thirst. In the dim vista of the mountains he reads the future and in the draperied sky. Among his flocks he sees no strife, in the crystal spring he knows no guile.





AN AUSTRALIAN LANDSCAPE.

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COLUMBUS, O.



# OTTERBEIN ÆGIS.

VOL. VI.

WESTERVILLE, OHIO, APRIL, 1896.

No. 8.

"PALMA NON SINE LABORE."

MARGUERITE H. SHULL, '99.

**I**N looking back over the pages of history we find that every society or organization of prominence had a motto or standard by which they were led. This, in a few words, gave an index to the aims and objects of its members.

In the early days of Italy, an army of German soldiers were sent there to defend the rights of the German king; but, instead of doing this, they banded themselves together to fight for the party which would pay them the most money, and adopted as their motto, "Enemies of God, Purity and Charity." Would it be difficult to determine what were the aims and objects of these men? The great knights of medieval days were bound, not so much by their high and lofty ideals of knighthood, as by their motto, "Bound to be Noble," and with this ever before them, they were led to protect the weak and defenseless, and the cause of Christianity. The key to the strength of the Old Guard of Napoleon, which was so firm and strong, was their motto, "Never Yield."

No organization rises higher than its standard. With a mean or low motto, a society may drag its members to depths of wickedness and vice; but with a high and lofty watchword, it may lift them to the realms of glory and success. We can never overestimate the power of an abiding purpose, of a motto or principle of action. It takes hold of life itself. It enters into our aims and prospects. It holds its scepter over our business, our amusements, and our religion; and it is our guide alike through prosperity and adversity.

How many great men, on being asked the secret of their success, have replied that in early life they adopted some motto which moulded their thoughts and actions and about which their forming characters crystalized. And what motto is more noble, what principle more certain to give true and worthy success to those who adopt and obey it, than the motto, "Palma non sine Labore (no success, no reward without labor)."

Many different ideas of success are held and many different rewards are sought for by different people; but this great principle applies equally to all. To some the height to which they aspire, the goal which they want is the favor of society. To them this is the great aim of life, and for it all else must be laid aside; but is this gained without effort? No one is suddenly lifted into the lap of society without being just as suddenly dropped. Those who shine in society for a season are like the meteors, which flash across the heavens for a moment and are then gone. Those who retain society's favor are those who spend all their time and energy carefully and earnestly striving for it.

For others, to be rich, to possess money is the chief object of life, the one thing that will satisfy their desires. Many are the examples we have of men who have become noted for their possession of houses and lands, of stocks and bonds. Did they gain it by one great turn of the wheel of fortune? "Rome was not built in a day." Neither is a great fortune acquired in a day, a month or a year, but the best part of a lifetime must be spent in wisely planning for and carefully laying by the dollars that make the thousands, and the thousands that make the millions.



But for many, to become society's favorite or to acquire great wealth is not the prize they seek, but to possess knowledge, to become eminent scholars is to them the only thing that will make their lives successful. Is their life spent in idling away the precious golden hours given them for improvement? Do they sit vainly longing for something to happen which will make them scholars? Within their bosoms there is a burning desire to unravel the mysteries of the world, to solve the great problems of the universe, and to bring into subjection all the powers of nature. Does the eminent scientist learn the great rules of life from others? With diligence and perseverance the lowest forms of life are sought out and studied, then higher and higher until the very highest of creative products are made familiar to him. The astronomer sits by his telescope anxiously waiting and watching for days and weeks for the star, planet or comet which he is convinced exists, until the news is flashed over the world that a discovery has been made, and he by his persevering labor has the honor of being the discoverer.

The great inventions, which assist so wondrously in the machinery of the world, and which crown their makers with glory and honor, are but the products of earnest and patient toil.

The ancient scholars, whose lives form the brightest pages of history, did not gain the glory which now encircles their names without the closest application to their work. Demosthenes, whose fortune it has been to have his name become throughout the world the synonym of eloquence, gained this eminence only by the most persevering and laborous effort. Not one of the world's great scholars was produced in a day. It took John Milton forty years of toil to produce "*Paradise Lost*," and William Cullen Bryant rewrote his *Thanatopsis* more than a hundred times. David Hume labored thirteen hours a day for many years before his great "*History*" was prepared; while Noah Webster toiled for thirty consecutive years to produce his dictionary. And our great American statesman, Daniel Webster,

declared that "to labor and not to genius he owed his success." Sir Walter Scott, who was a tireless worker, in a letter to his son admonishes him in this manner: "I cannot too much impress upon your mind that labor is the condition which God has imposed on us in every station of life, and as for knowledge, it can no more be planted in the human mind without labor than a field of wheat can be produced without the previous use of the plow."

In our country where no man is born to position, it is not uncommon to hear it said of a person of distinction that his ancestry was humble; on the other hand, it is equally as common to hear it said of those in the lower and meaner walks of life, that his ancestry was of the highest ranks. The one by useful labor rose to prominence, the other without it fell.

The classes of society are slowly but constantly changing. The humble man, who strives earnestly to make himself useful and to benefit humanity, rises to influence or lays the foundation for the success of his posterity, while he of high rank, resting idly in his position, willing to enjoy blessings unearned, rewards unmerited, will gradually but surely sink to the lowest levels.

That element of society alone can withstand the discouraging tempests, which at times pass over us, that willingly and nobly meets the conditions of labor imposed by God. "*Palma non sine Labore*," with this engraven on our hearts, giving determination and encouragement, can we not go forth in the great battles of life, striving nobly and earnestly to conquer and win whatever the Master has planned for us as his children, knowing and feeling this, that after labor comes reward.

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Book agents have been thronging about here the last few weeks, succeeding in using up the precious time of the students in pointing out the merits of their book and the road to wealth, and other things too numerous to mention. Quite a number have signed contracts and will begin work as soon as the term closes. The boys have our best wishes for their success.



ROMAN LAW IN MODERN LIFE.

C. B. STONER, '96.

**L**AW is the prime ordinate of government, for everywhere and always the first requisite of all society is law. Without it governments fall and society disintegrates. "Its seat is the bosom of Almighty God;" its powers bent the azure dome of heaven and fretted it with star-fire; its voice speaks in the thundered harmonies of ten thousand whirling spheres.

Old Solon, the great Athenian law-giver and dictator, ever aggressive, logical and just, discovered this divine pre-requisite, and brought order out of chaos in the classic state of Attica six hundred years before the world discovered the true Law-Giver and the Divine Dictator; and for two thousand years before Solon proclaimed his Seisachtheia had the sacred priests of Isis, in the old temples of Thebes and Memphis, proclaimed to ancient Egypt the laws which lessened strife between man and man, and ruled the Ptolemies.

Law, under a just government, has been and always will be that arm which carries protection and alms to the poor, and restraint to the scheming and vicious. But law, like government, like man, like the world itself, is the product of evolution. A new country requires few laws. A sparse population has few wrongs to right. An old country, a large population, a large society, commit more wrongs, require more restraint, and consequently more and more finely poised laws. Necessity may know no law, but law is nevertheless the child of Necessity. Egypt, with her lost arts, her wonders of the world; Greece, with her philosophy, her patriotism, her poetry; Rome, with all her thousand years of greatness, with all her passion of conquest, left no legacy to posterity so useful, so beautiful, so just as the codifications of Justinian. Rome's evolution from an embryonic band of robbers to the proud and haughty mistress of the world, presents no characteristic of greatness more prominently

than that which is offered in those compilations which show the wisdom of the Romans in jurisprudence through a period of twelve hundred years. Neither the bloody age of Julius Caesar, nor the pagan age of Augustan in literature can compare in greatness to the sublime age of Justinian's achievements.

But the world moves; society advances; civilization increases, and keeps pace with the human mind. Man's manners, customs and desires change. Religions change as men do. New environments increase man's wants; new inventions increase his comforts; but they complicate, nullify or completely destroy his old systems of jurisprudence. The laws which govern a civilized people must be forever changing, forever advancing, must keep pace with civilization. A few indeed to-day are the places of application of the twelve books of the Roman Code.

The principles of law of the eminent Roman jurists, as codified in the Pandects, were just and equitable. The careful arrangement of the elementary principles in the Institutes was a wonderful help and aid to the student and the scholar. But the Roman law was not in its entirety a creation for all ages and for all climes. Imperial decrees, the laws which are the creation of restrained ambition, the creation of one man's mind and for one man's benefit, will not stand the criticism of the centuries, the expediency of political intrigue seldom evolves the basal principle of eternal truth.

So the Roman law as codified by Justinian has been the admiration of scholars, a monument to human reason, yet it has not been and can never be the sacred law of a government of the free. It forms the basal principles of the Scottish laws—in fact, is incorporated therein as an institution; it exerts a wonderful influence over most systems of jurisprudence in continental Europe; and a small and select portion of the civil law is in use in the state of Louisiana, but the great mass of Roman law can never become operative in modern times.

The world has drifted from imperial edicts to the "Great Edict of Humanity." One no more



governs for the benefit of one, nor the few for the benefit of the few; but the people for the people. Laws are not made to-day for class, clan or section, but for the whole country, the whole people. Systems of jurisprudence have been evolved from antiquity's bequests, but no portion of the past can claim the sole credit. In twelve hundred years a people of the highest civilization and of the strongest passions produced the Roman law, the greatest system of jurisprudence which antiquity furnishes. Fourteen bleak and dreary centuries afterward the people of America promulgated the principle that "all men are born free and equal," and the must, mildewed platitudes of the centuries vanished like snow before a tropical, mid-summer sun. Ancient laws, ancient customs, ancient principles of justice have served faithfully their purpose, but they cannot dwell with the modern discoveries of eternal truth.

The laws of Moses governed a stiff-necked and a stubborn race; the laws of the Medes and Persians were the pride of their princes; the laws of Solon worked the will of a dictator; the Code of Justinian was the wonder of the ages following; but they all pale before the principles of the American Constitution. It is the law which philosophers sought, for which philanthropists toiled, of which poets dreamed. Through its principles will humanity raise itself to a higher plane; and governments perpetuate themselves throughout eternity.

#### THE DESTINY OF THE RACE.

D. I. LAMBERT, '97.

**T**O every individual that loves his race comes an insatiable longing to know its destiny. Millions of heart-throbs speak of the tender emotions which rise and fall for the priceless joys and golden recollections of the paternal scenes of a China or a Japan, an England or an America, but millions more rejoice and sigh for the future of their country and the destiny of their race.

The hero of military glory or intellectual re-

nown may point with pride to long lines of noble ancestry; but the final condition of his name and posterity, and to the truly philanthropic man, the Race, causes him to inquire by what means he may foresee the heights or depths in which the last century of the future ages may find it. But, if mortal man would foresee it, he must remember that God's laws are changeless and eternal; that with one unvarying purpose they sweep unchecked throughout the ages until every work of God, and every creation of His, from the tiny flower, and trembling grass, and waving leaf, to the powerful fauna, and mighty forest, and rolling river, and surging ocean, and innumerable systems of the universe, which roll in majestic splendor through the boundless realms of space, stand perfect and complete. So with the human race—the last and greatest work of God's creation. For, whether age upon age, and age upon age, each with its successive strides upward in the evolution of life from the emotionless plant to the conscienceless animal, and from the conscienceless animal to the everlasting man, produced the present development of the race, or whether a few thousand years ago he came directly from the hands of God, pure and innocent, and then turned and plunged into the depths of vice and apparent ruin, it matters not. For the first history of the race, as a race, speaks of intellectual powers and moral conditions far inferior to those of the present age. The tendency of the race, then, is onward and upward. It has progressed and still does progress. But, like the waves of the sea, its progress rises and falls. If the present does find us in the ebb tide, it nevertheless sweeps onward to grander heights; and the morrow's flood may toss us a thousand fathoms beyond where Grecian's culture or Switzer's freedom ever rose. And thus according to God's great plan must it still surge onward and upward until as a race it stands perfect and complete.

\* \* \* \*

It is four thousand years before the Christian era. What strange and ignoble baser stuff has been called man, what pitiless and merciless



wars have ground their heartless millions in the dust, what ignorant and brute-like chiefs have wielded the scepter of tyranny and revenge over wigwam hut, we knew not.

In mysticism and legendary tale, the centuries, rising from the dark night of the past, rolling in majestic splendor, sweep by, until with human form and strength developed, and the intellectual faculties illuminating their pathway, the people of a mighty empire tread the banks of the Nile with king-like power and authority. The human mind nurtured in the sunlight of God's opening plans and nature's unfolding laws, struggles onward, ambitious for higher ideals and loftier achievements.

The more crude, and baser powers of the human intellect are called into action. It is reason's first illustrious work. But they grapple only with the tangible things of nature, and passing centuries leave them, with their physical might and baser intellectual enthusiasm, buried beneath the crumbling ruins of the fallen empires of the past. Nevertheless the race moves onward to loftier heights.

\* \* \* \*

It is four hundred years before the Christian era. In the little Grecian country of southern Europe, decked with all the beauty and grandeur and sublimity of nature's perfect artist, a race with powers almost divine develop into a mighty nation and compel the world to bow in admiration and respect. Physical strength and beauty through long successive generations of culture are developed into men of herculean strength and women of untold beauty. The accomplishments in the fine arts of sculpturing and painting almost rival nature itself; while the intellectual powers rise to such grand and lofty heights in the poetry of a Homer or a Sophocles, the oratory of an Aeschines or a Demosthenes, and the profound logic of a Socrates, a Plato or an Aristotle, that the world trembles with consternation and awe for the mighty achievements of the God-like race of the future. But while civilization for one brief hour, and in one select spot of the world, rises to such renowned heights—not civilization in

its highest form, but only the achievement it is to give the world by the means of physical and intellectual culture—crime and immorality flourish in fertile soil, while all their beauty and grandeur rest down upon the bitter pangs of abject slavery. It was only the attempted climax of civilization, without the real heart and life-blood to sustain it. It had not the elements of perpetuity, without which it fell, and sad and deep was the fall thereof. For when once the foundation upon which it rested began to crumble, her brilliant achievements only helped to plunge her into a deeper, darker, ruin and despair. Thus far the world's struggles for lasting civilization had been without civilization's great principle of perpetuity—the power of Christianity.

While throughout all the centuries God had been speaking to all nations of the world through singing birds, and laughing waters, and waving forests, and blooming landscapes, and rolling thunder; and while through this voice of nature man had worked out systems of ethics and renowned philosophies by which the race had made mighty strides upward in the development of its physical, its intellectual, and even its moral powers; there was a limit beyond which it could not go, until that wonderful and renowned event—the center of the world's existence and purpose, the birth of Christ's kingdom—had laid the foundation upon which the race might rise to the grand heights and destiny of complete and perpetual civilization.

For long centuries God's plans had worked preparatory to this great climax in the powers that could nurture and sustain the race in the lofty heights of the environments of Divinity itself.

The history of the race has taught us that the perfect and perpetual civilization must be that in which every individual has the highest and most untrammelled freedom, when every citizen of the nation and of the world moves in perfect accordance to his own will; when no law of either church or state shall impel or restrain any from his chosen course of action.



For as long as man's spirit remains trammelled by the restraints of law, either human or divine, he cannot climb in powers of intellect, and purity of heart, to the heights he would do were every power of his being drawn forth by a restless longing for perfect achievements in the idea of divine right and justice. But there is only one common course of action in which the race can all move with free and untrammelled tread and that is in a public highway hewn out of the solid rocks of truth under the blessed light of Christ's teachings and examples.

Only one! for the true hero, whether upon the snow-capped Alpine peaks, or bright, blooming plains of India, whether trampled, torn and bleeding in battle's merciless and pitiless charge, or choked in the stinging flames of the martyr's stake, can never yield. The severest agony and blackest despair that can be woven with the warp and woof of misery and woe may be heaped upon him, but with unswerving purpose, he god-like presses on, until his mission is accomplished.

Truth and true heroism must forever stand! Time's change and error's blows must one by one fall vain and fruitless before their towering strongholds.

Consequently the race sweeps onward and upward, for every century that rolls by brings the human race nearer to one common level, and binds more closely in one common brotherhood of souls men of every race and condition. Individual liberty, the never-failing guide to man's destiny, though for long centuries crushed, torn and bleeding beneath the iron heel of cruel tyranny and despotism, already tremblingly aspires to the sublime verge of manhood.

Almost every nation of antiquity rose to renown with its roots nourished in the fertile soil of slavery. The nation whose culture and civilization towered above all others, and still, though fallen, continues to dazzle the world, with its renowned splendor, trampled four times its free population in abject slavery, while the sick and infirm were left the outcasts of suffering and death.

But the glorious light of Christianity—the light of the world—without which every nation of the world must crumble into ruin, and by which alone the race can rise to perfection, has for eighteen hundred years been stamping the impress of the golden rule upon the race, until man has learned to look upon man as his brother. Not only are kings and tyrants by the enlightened Christian-purged thought of the nineteenth century chained with the fallen savagery and barbarism of antiquity, but the last vestige of human slavery fades upon the sands of time forever.

The great gulf that has separated the subject from his king, and the slave from his lord is forever closed. For, although our time is all unrest, and our own beloved Columbia trembles before the bitter complainings and threatening curses of millions of American freemen, and a sister Republic mourns the death of her beloved ruler by the assassin's dagger; yet the goddess of liberty, and justice, and equality, rejoices at the mingled harmonies of a Christian civilization in which the youth, barefoot and penniless, in the person of a Lincoln or a Garfield, can untarnished climb to the chief executiveship of the greatest nation in the world; while beneath the present crisis she beholds the death throes of baser things, which tremble before the rising giant of justice and equality. Where, indeed, may not the coming centuries find us, when these last struggles of tyranny and injustice shall have ceased forever? For if a baser age could produce the immortal works of a Homer or an Aeschines, a Plato or an Aristotle, where, indeed, may not a race in whose veins course nobler blood, thrilled by the power of Christianity, climb, in a nobler, grander age? When the last age of time shall have rolled away, and these feeble spirits of ours shall bask in the sunshine and glory of eternal splendor, we know not with what powers and attributes we may mingle with angel and archangel and God himself.

But in the fullness of time, when God's unfolding laws shall have reached the inmost recess of man's nature; when before time's last



noblest offspring the weaker shall one by one have fallen; when the entire race shall be one of Washingtons and Lincolns and Garfields and Gladstones; when that glorious millennium of prosperity and peace shall kiss discord and pain from every brow, and kindle every heart with a flame of divine love and joy, to what renowned heights may not mortal man ascend? When these renowned heights have been scaled, when from the least to the greatest all shall know God, when the great purpose for which the race was created,—that of purity and perfection—shall have been accomplished, then shall the race have reached its mortal destiny.

#### BASEBALL.

N. H. S. 2—O. U. 17.

The above score tells the tale of a rather uninteresting game of ball played here Saturday, the 18th inst. Interest centered mainly in Otterbein's team, which was composed for most part of new and inexperienced players. N. H. S. had played a game in the morning which probably accounted for the lack of vim with which they chased O. U.'s long, easy drives to all corners of the field. Otterbein had been practicing hard for a week and were anxious to get at something and try their mettle, and it is to be regretted that nothing harder showed up for their prey.

O. U. went to pieces in the first inning and with that exception and a few wild throws their playing was all that could be desired. They hit the ball when and where they pleased and their fielding, especially the outfield, was perfect, not a fly touching the ground. Matthews and Clark exceeded all expectations and have given us all renewed hope in our new battery. Bushong and Lloyd played well for new men and with the old stand bys, "Doc" and "Mid," form an excellent infield. Teter, Clements and Keller pulled in everything coming their way and show much improvement

over last year. Although the opposing team was weak, Otterbein demonstrated very clearly that she could play ball, especially when playing a winning game, and now the point is to make all games winning ones. It is too true that our fellows give up too soon when the fight seems a losing one. If this be overcome we have very good prospects this season.

Don't advertise a good team when a poor one is expected. People going to a game with highly colored visions of an exciting contest and coming away dissatisfied, are not likely to go again. A word to the wise is sufficient.

Encouragement and practice must be the war cry henceforth. Encouragement from our students and practice on the part of the players.

Practice! Practice! Practice! That is what makes a baseball team and that alone can make a good one.

Saturday, the 25th inst., we play Uncle Sam's men. A much better team is expected and a good game anticipated. Come out and join in that new college song some one is going to write.

The Conservatory of Music gave a public recital in the college chapel on the 18th inst. The program consisted of piano and vocal selections and the best talent of the college and village was represented. A large and interested audience greeted the performers and each selection was heartily applauded. Professors Meyer and Wheeler are untiring in their work and are meeting with deserved success.

The caps and gowns of the seniors have at last appeared. There seems to be some lack of harmony on the matter of wearing the gowns, as three of the members of the class have stoutly refused to procure them. However that may be we congratulate the class in their efforts to perpetuate the innovation made by the class of '94. The class is composed of the best young men and women in college, and has hardly had an equal in the history of the institution.



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## EDITORIAL.

STUDENTS, in time, seem to forget their real attitude to college duties. Judging from both words and acts, one would think that the chief aim of the average student is to avoid all study except what is absolutely necessary to "get through;" and that the student is working for the professor, instead of the professor for the student.

NEVER before have we had such an interest in the music department of the college, as this year. The frequent recitals given by the conservatory students show the progress and splendid work done by our able music professors. That the opportunities offered by this department are appreciated, is proved by the fact that in piano instruction alone, Prof. Meyer has forty-nine pupils.

AN excellent little specimen of the printer's art has been received by the ÆGIS from the E. P. Dutton Pub. Co., of New York. The work, finely bound and neatly put up,

contains the lectures of Viva D. Scudder on the following interesting subjects: "Renascent of Faith," "Religion of Mystery," "Religion of Humanity," "Religion of Christ," and similar topics. For thinkers and readers on religious lines no better or more appropriate book could be found. The price is one dollar and the book is well worth the price.

WASHINGTON, or the Revolution," is the subject of a unique and immensely interesting drama just received from the press of F. Tennyson Neely. The well-known author, Ethan Allen, founds his story on the historic events of the war for American independence and introduces Washington, Franklin, Knox, Lafayette, Andre and many equally famous characters in a novel, entertaining style. The book belongs to Neely's Library of Choice Literature and has created quite a stir in literary circles. It, among other books mentioned in these columns, can be examined at the ÆGIS office, 104 Main street.

IN a recent number of the Denisonian we have a most extraordinary tirade against O. S. U. and her professional talent. Now this is all very good. O. S. U. and her hired ball players have little in common with us, since we have beaten them so badly several times in football, but it is always best to take the beam out of your own eye before going after your brother's mote. It has only been about five months since Denison and O. U. played a game of football at Dayton. Of course the State Athletic Association had not yet been formed, but it was very well understood that no outside players should assist either team. Denison knows as well as we what she did to rescue herself from a decisive defeat. Now she comes forward with a scathing rebuke to O. S. U. for impure athletics. She probably has an extra good baseball team this year and so advocates non-professionalism as a matter of policy. Professionalism or not, a school



with a cleaner record than Denison should pick the flaws in O. S. U.'s career.

CLASS '96 seems bound to keep up with the times. Their appearance at chapel recently in caps and gowns occasioned much criticism both pro and con. This is the second time in the history of this institution that the seniors have adopted this symbol of class distinction. It may require time and persistence to establish this as a custom here, but it is a time-honored and well-established custom in the oldest and largest colleges of both England and America. The Oxford gown is as sensible and legitimate a habit of dress as any that can be devised for college classes. Opposition to it by other classmen springs largely from prejudice against any innovation in college customs. It is needless to discuss the merits of this custom which all the leading colleges so carefully preserve.

AT the earnest and unanimous request of the seniors and by a recent action of the faculty, the order of exercises commencement week will be changed somewhat.

The five-minute speeches have been outvoted and on commencement day in place of eighteen short, thoughtless, and uninteresting speeches, an eminent scholar of some large school will make the principal address.

The regular commencement day will be preceded by a class day on which occasion all seniors will take part and take part we might add heartily and with a vim which knows no such thing as fail. Certainly this is as it should be, for with the hot weather, worry, and half-heartedness always accompanying commencement week and day, of what benefit to class or hearers would eighteen five-minute speeches be? We have passed the days of childhood and it is time we were becoming men and women, such men and women as can graduate from a first-class college without the petty declamation or family bouquet.

The class day, with the work intended to be put on it, will afford amusement and interest equal to a score of commencements, while the address now being arranged for will furnish solidity and thought sufficient for a whole vacation's contemplation.

Hurrah for '96, class day and a representative!

AT every ball game, field-day or contest, O. U. students feel keenly the lack of some hearty, ringing song in which all can join with a resounding chorus if not perfect melody.

Some good class songs are still in existence, but are not used when and where they should be, but a real patriotic college song is hard to find. Why don't some musical maiden or ambitious lad try his hand and distinguish somebody or something?

With the exception of a few scant yells, we have nothing with which to inspire and encourage our men on the gridiron, field or track. A grand old song coming from a hundred throats gives an impetus to the faltering band hard to understand but pleasant to remember. We are up to college date in football, baseball, lawn tennis and commencements. Why not have a fine college song and take a first-class trip with other colleges no more gifted than we?

WATCH the May ÆGIS! Every member of the staff and some of the best writers in school are already at work on their respective contributions. It will in all respects be a number worthy its predecessors and we respectfully request everyone's co-operation in making the circulation as large as possible. There will be much extra expense and if the paper is at all worth the price we should like all to do their best to make it a success. Get a few extra copies and send to your friends. O. U.'s varied interests will be fully represented.



## ALUMNALS.

Lela Guitner, '92, is visiting her parents.

H. J. Custer, '90, of Johnstown, visited his parents over Sunday, the 19th inst.

James Barnes and Ralph Kohr, both of '94, are spending their vacations at home.

Mrs. Will Whitney, '95, is spending several weeks with her mother, Mrs. Turner.

Richard Kumler, '94, made a short business trip recently, and of course had a pleasant visit with his many friends.

Daisy May Custer, '95, who since her graduation has been teaching music in Texas, has given up her work and returned to her home at this place.

L. D. Bonebrake, '82, superintendent of the Mt. Vernon schools, and soon to be, we hope, our next state school commissioner, made us a brief visit over the 3d inst.

W. B. Gantz, '95, came home on a short visit from his Chicago work. He will be with us again in two or three weeks and expects to spend his summer vacation here.

R. E. Bower, '95, has been elected professor of mathematics at Western College, Iowa. We wish the gentleman pleasant surroundings, well knowing that successful work will be the result of his management.

William Dick Reamer, '82, commissioner of Westmoreland county, Pa., has been severely ill for the past few weeks, but at the present writing is convalescing rapidly and will soon be able to again assume his duties.

We are pleased to help circulate the good tidings among O. U. people at a distance that G. L. Stoughton, '92, was elected mayor of our village at the late April elections. In connection with the duties of mayor, the gentleman will practice his profession—law.

Sam J. Flickinger, '72, for a long time connected with the Ohio State Journal, has severed his relations with that paper and purchased an interest in the Daily Palladium, published at Richmond, Ind. By the death of Daniel L. Bowersmith, '71, and the removal of Mr. Flickinger to our sister state, Ohio journalism has suffered a great loss.

## POINTS.

When rules and regulations are loosely observed; when the dust of centuries is allowed to collect on the martial art of discipline; when the reins that guide and control us are thrown carelessly aside; when we are allowed to wander at our "own sweet will," about the only thing that keeps us from running away and smashin' things is our own personal sense of honor—our inherent goodness. Now this might do to rely upon in a case of last resort, but it is a very precarious thing to endow with entire confidence. For my part I should think it an indication of listless interest for a driver to neglect me. While on the other hand, would he keep his hands on the reins and use them for what they were intended, I should deem him quite solicitous for my welfare and that more so for this reason, that not being a horse, but a vigorous, high-spirited youth, I know this much, were I driving a lot of mettled steeds I'd hang onto the lines and keep their animal natures under control and be sure at the same time that their private disposition would have no occasion to betray me.

Ability to sing, like the ability to cook, is an endowment that almost everyone thinks he possesses. A lamentable circumstance connected with the former is, that while we may refuse improperly cooked food, we are forced to sit, peacefully, under the blaze of a thousand discords, a pandemonium of ear-splitting melodies which circumstances call music. Now this is precisely what we frequently hear in chapel, three hundred voices, three hundred



tunes, and each fully convinced that he possesses the divine gift and is fully competent to do the whole thing himself. The performance is enough to rouse the old masters from their drowsy slumbers. If the art of singing was as fully developed as the culinary art there would be fewer cases of nervous prostration to record, while on the other hand if the culinary art were no farther advanced than the art of public singing, we would have succumbed a long time since to various gastric disorders. The gods didn't breathe the divine art into me when I was created; and do I now know that it would have been such as many others possess, I am heartily glad they didn't. At least, unfair as this may seem, it is more so for them to endow a person with the ability to sing and not judgment enough to put it under proper control.

#### LOCALS.

The municipal election here on the 6th inst. drew out considerable enthusiasm. The mayoralship was hotly contested and Mr. George L. Stoughton, class '92, was elected by a handsome majority.

The Cleiorhetean society installed officers for the term on the 16th inst. as follows: President, Myrtle Irvin; secretary, Marguerite Shull; critic, Lockey Stewart. A large number of invited friends were present and a very interesting literary and musical program was given.

The life-sized portrait of Mr. D. L. Rike, made by Miss Sevier, principal of the Art Department, and presented to the college, has been placed in the library. The portrait is an excellent likeness of Mr. Rike and is highly complimented by all. The gift is a valuable one and reflects great merit on the donor.

The other day we heard some people talking and they were considering why it was that certain professors persisted in assigning the longest and most difficult lessons of the week

for the day following an entertainment to be given in the chapel. When we left they had not come to any satisfactory conclusion on the matter.

A graphophone entertainment was given in the chapel on the 14th inst. A selection by the Cleiorhetean quartet and a solo by Miss Eby were reproduced with good effect. The Philomathean orchestra and selections by Miss Wheeler and the Philophronean glee club were the most interesting features of the program. Otherwise the entertainment was what is known in college lore as a bore.

The Philalethean society rendered the following program on the evening of the 9th inst. to a large and appreciative audience: Oration—Good Citizen Movement—Frances Miller; medley—EdDith Crippin; critique—Ivanhoe—Ida Mauger; eulogy—Brooker L. Washington—Edith Creamer; descriptive essay—Olympia of Yesterday and To-day—Leonore Good; paper—Fay Shatto. The program was interspersed with most excellent instrumental and vocal selections.

On the 3d inst. the Philophronean society rendered the following installation program: Critic's address—Limitations of Human Perfection—F. S. Minshall; president's valedictory—The True Adamant of Scholarship—F. O. Clements; president's inaugural—The Mission of the Church—J. M. Martin; oration—Immigration and Our Government—O. W. Burtner; paper—J. W. Stiverson. Mr. F. J. Resler, instructor of music in the Mt. Vernon schools, assisted in the musical program.

A department of expression, oratory and elocution has just been opened in the college with Frank S. Fox, A. M., as instructor. The entertainment was of high order and showed in a most practical way the eminent attainments and ability of the new instructor. A class will be started at once and it is hoped that many will take advantage of this opportunity to improve themselves along the line of his work.



There is certainly great need of such instruction in the college, for there are very many of us who are excelled by the country school boy's recitation and very few who are worthy to be called orators. A large class in elocution would be a boom for the new department and a very decided boon to those who take such active interest in the literary societies.

The installation exercises of the Philomathean society were held on the 10th inst. The program was as follows: Chaplain's address—Christ, the World's Reformer—W. T. Trump; president's valedictory—Power and Value of Thought—W. H. Anderson; president's inaugural—Roman Law in Modern Life—C. B. Stoner; historical sketch—Perry's Victory—W. L. Barnes; eulogy—Wm. McKinley—A. D. Bender; current news—H. R. Jones. Music was furnished by the glee club and orchestra.

On the evening of the 2d inst. the Cleior-

hetean society celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary. The session was held in the Philophronean hall which was filled to overflowing with enthusiastic admirers. The visitors were treated with some very fine musical selections and the following literary program: History—Ada Markley; Reverie—Otis Flook; Oration—Our Motto—Marguerite Shull; Prophecy—Lena Brenner, Nettie Arnold and Florence Gear; Poem by Mrs. Frank Lee—Mildred Waters. Following the session a most delightful reception was given to the visitors.

On the evening of March 20 Robert McIntyre gave the last lecture of the C. L. C. on "Buttoned-up People." The lecture was on the follies of the day and was full of humor, pathos and persuasion. Quoting from Robert Burdette, "The sentiments ranged from grave to gay, from lively to severe, running over the whole gamut of human feelings." The enter-

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tainment was second to none in the course and was hardly equaled, as many thought, by the brilliant eloquence of Conwell. The whole course has given complete satisfaction and the managers merit the commendation of every patron.

Prof. Zuck is taking the senior class through a very interesting study of "The Merchant of Venice."

Miss Ethel Martin, of Dayton, has been spending the past week with her friend, Miss Helen Shauck.

A number of the boys contemplate hearing Ingersol Saturday night on his new lecture, "The Foundations of Faith."

The spring term with all its pleasantries is now well opened. The faces of many old students have loomed up in our presence, while a few new countenances mingling with the old familiar faces give a freshness and life always desired and ever appreciated. This is the term

for all sorts of people. The baseball lover now revels in his delight. Now it is that the botany class roams over fields clothed with sweet flowers to find the most beautiful specimen. The tyro geologist delves into the beds of rock to seek out the fossiliferous remains and to know if possible the age in which the soil of his own estate was formed. Mathematics has its share of pleasure too. Its "points" are easily located and its loci are found in green fields, shady nooks, paths long ago abandoned, and in secluded spots where only silvery moonbeams chide. Now the seniors wear their gowns, the juniors give a banquet, the sophomores practice their yell, the freshmen have a party, and the preps go a-fishing. The student of art in some sequestered shade sketches the distant landscape, while the class in voice makes hall and house resound with songs and sounds, or the pianist with nimble fingers and exquisite skill renders all sorts of chords from the sharp of A to the flat of G. This is the season for hard work and the times are propitious.

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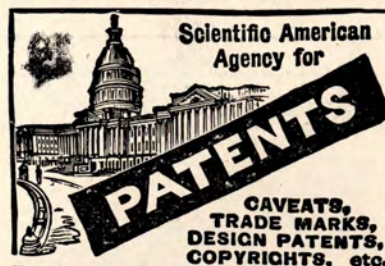
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Euclid Ave	8 22	8 12	12 57	
Newburg	8 34	8 25	1 12	
Hudson	9 10	9 05	1 50	
Cuyahoga F	9 23	9 19	2 06	
Akron	9 35	9 33	2 19	
Barberton	9 51	9 50	2 35	
Warwick	10 07	10 07	2 51	
	10 28	10 28	3 12	
Orrville } A	10 33	10 33	3 20	
} L	11 02	11 04	3 51	A M
Holmesville	11 12	11 16	4 02	7 10
Millersburg	11 22	11 29	4 12	7 23
Killbuck	11 49	11 56	4 40	7 51
Brink H'v'n	11 58	12 06	4 50	8 04
Danville	12 16	12 25	5 10	8 22
Gambier	12 30	12 40	5 25	8 35
Mt. Ver } Ar	12 48	12 45	5 30	8 40
} Lv	1 09		5 48	8 58
Mt. Liberty	1 17	1 12	5 58	9 07
Centerburg	1 34	f 1 34	6 18	9 27
Sunbury	1 39	f 1 39	6 23	9 32
Galena	1 52	1 52	6 35	9 45
Westerville	*2 15	2 15	†7 00	10 10
Columbus A	P M	A M	P M	A M
Cincinnati	*6 00	6 40		
	P M	A M		

### NORTH BOUND

Cent. Time.	3	27	35	7
	A M	P M	A M	P M
Cincinnati	*8 00	*8 00		
	Noon	Night	A M	P M
Columbus L.	*11 45	*12 35	†6 00	†5 00
Westerville	12 09	1 06	6 27	5 25
Galena	12 20	f 1 21	6 40	5 38
Sunbury	12 25	f 1 26	6 44	5 43
Centerburg	12 42	1 51	7 04	6 05
Mt. Liberty	12 51	f 2 01	7 12	6 13
Mt. Ver } Ar	1 08	2 20	7 28	6 30
} Lv	1 13	L 2 25	7 33	6 35
Gambier	1 28	2 40	7 47	†6 50
Danville	1 46	f 2 59	8 00	7 08
Brink H'v'n	1 55	3 09	8 12	7 18
Killbuck	2 24	3 41	8 42	7 50
Millersburg	2 36	3 55	8 53	8 00
Holmesville	2 46	f 4 06	9 08	P M
Orrville } A	3 20	4 45	9 37	
} L	3 25	4 55	9 42	
Warwick	3 45	5 18	10 02	
Barberton	4 03	5 37	10 17	
Akron	4 20	L 6 05	10 36	
Cuyahoga F	4 32	6 17	10 48	
Hudson	4 45	6 30	11 02	
Newburg	5 20	7 05	11 42	
Euclid Ave	5 31	7 16	11 57	
Cleveland A	*5 45	*7 30	†12 10	
	P M	A M	P M	

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